

EDITORIALS

For Stiffer Penalties

The recent wholesale crackdown on a flourishing Los Angeles narcotics ring points up anew the awful consequences to those young people ensnared in the nets of the pushers. In the county and locally, the police have proved alert in capturing the suspects; but, one wonders how effective they can be finally in view of the seeming weakness of our laws in dealing with the real offenders.

Because the average addict soon becomes a professional pusher himself, in order to support his expensive habit, present laws too often seem to be placing the seller and user on a parity when it comes to punishment. By the time the leaders of a ring are caught up with, they seem to possess so much wealth they can hire the best legal talent to keep the long arm of the law at shoulder distance.

Case after case seems to prove beyond all reasonable doubt that drug use in any form almost always leads to addiction. Degeneration of human beings seems to start with the first puff and ends in jail, the overcrowded hospital, or the grave.

Police officers and others brought face to face with the drug traffic all agree that we are fighting a losing battle against the menace. Education of the young on the perils of dope is a must and need for stiffening punishment for the ring leaders is obvious.

Big League Here?

Milt Hunter, the enterprising cleaner and dyer from North Torrance, isn't afraid to think big thoughts. A member of the Board of the Chamber of Commerce, Milt took a few minutes at Monday afternoon's meeting to suggest that there was some good land in North Torrance where Los Angeles could locate its new Big League ball park—that is, if and when Los Angeles ever gets a Big League team.

Hunter, never one to let his enthusiasm cool when it comes to boosting Torrance, thinks a North Torrance location is ideal geographically and weatherwise it can't be beat. He wants some interested kindred souls to join up in making the effort.

Well, stranger things have happened.

Spring is Here

Your calendar will probably tell you otherwise, but it's spring in Torrance.

A check of weather records over the past few weeks reveals that on three recent days, the temperature in Torrance was the highest in the United States, and on Thanksgiving Day led the nation with a comfortable and pleasing 87 degrees.

The balmy weather continues to please the Christmas shoppers, but it does detract a little from the spirit of the holiday season for those among us who have been accustomed to doing our Christmas shopping after the frosts and early snows have started.

Another note of consequence here is the report that several Baltimore Orioles have been spotted along Post Ave. and El Prado in recent weeks.

Local bird fanciers claim this is indeed a rarity, but indicative of the attraction the Torrance climate has—even for birds of distinction.

THE MAIL BOX

(The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of libel and good taste. Letters should be kept brief and must be signed. The writer's name will be withheld if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of the Torrance Herald.)

Asks for Controls

In regard to your editorial of Sunday, Nov. 22, concerning the "touch-and-go" flight strip at the Torrance Municipal Airport, I would like to take this opportunity to bring out several points that seem to have missed your attention.

You point out that air traffic control would be automatic if everyone were following Civil Air regulations, but as you know, Civil Air regulations are left almost entirely to the conscience of the pilot, as especially in our case where the airport management feels he has no police powers so there is no enforcement evidenced. You say the "touch-and-go" strip is within financial reach of the city and certain other improvements that have been spoken of are not. By your wording it is implied that a decision was made on a political basis in not allowing the strip to get in at this time.

I can only speak for myself, of course, but I feel that all else who voted with me in not allowing this strip to go in had these reasons in mind when they reached their decision. These reasons deal only with the safety of the citizens surrounding the airport and the human lives involved in the actual flying at the airport.

If there is no air traffic control now at the airport and the pattern is flown haphazardly by a large percentage of the people using the airport and no compliance to traffic pattern can be had, I ask you only to consider what would happen if another circle of aircraft

were added to fly inside the now-existing pattern. Plus the added traffic of students and practicing pilots coming from neighboring airports where "touch-and-go" operations are limited because of tower control, I believe anyone taking a deep and sincere interest in the safety and welfare of the airport would hesitate before adding a hazardous condition, whether it were approved by the CAA and the Airport management or not.

I sincerely request that you print this letter so that more than one side can be presented. I feel that newspapers serve the community by expressing their beliefs and bringing to the attention of the citizenry certain problems. I also feel, however, that those in public service, vitally concerned, should be allowed an answer when opposed to the editorial views of that same newspaper.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT B. JAHN
Councilman.

Stimulus Created

Editor, Torrance Herald: The news coverage you gave Ike-Nixon Volunteers was appreciated by all the distinguished guests and Republicans of this 17th Congressional District.

All of the staff at the headquarters were particularly pleased by the stimulus your publicity created. The response gave us additional help that we needed so in our campaign.

We wish to thank you for the time and effort of the TORRANCE HERALD staff.
IKE-NIXON VOLUNTEERS
Patty Rudnick
Florence Sommers

The Mailman Writes A Letter



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: I need help and please don't tell me you're not a lawyer. I know this already.

My wife and I went to the movies last week and a couple of gabby women sat in front of us. They were doing so much yakking we couldn't hear the lines. We politely asked them to pipe down a few, times but they ignored us.

Finally my wife lost her temper and slammed her purse over their heads. One woman started to bawl and this created a lot of disturbance. They both left the theater. A few minutes later the manager came over and took our names.

This morning we got orders to appear in court. The charges are assault and battery. These dames were neither assaulted nor battered. Do we have to go to court?—John Q.P.

O.K. . . . I won't tell you I'm not a lawyer since you already know this. But I WILL tell you you'd better get one—and fast.

Assault and battery needn't involve a fractured skull or blood in the aisle. Since you've been "shaved" to appear in court, consider it an order and tell it to the judge.

Dear Ann Landers: I'm an attractive girl, 16, and I don't do a sweater any harm if you know what I mean. I have plenty dates and most fellas like me more than a little. But I have a problem.

The boy I really go for takes me out about twice a month. He's so cool, calm and collected I could braid him. He's very independent and knows he can get me to break a date with anyone when he calls. Yet he's never tried to kiss me, hold my hand or even sit close in a movie. I've never known anyone like this. How can I tell if he's alive? — Miss Can't Dig It.

Dear Miss "Can't-Dig-It": If you're unable to get a pulse hold a mirror up to his mouth.

Dear Ann Landers: I couldn't sleep after reading the letter in your column signed "Amy" so I got out of bed to write this note. She's the gal who is going with a fellow who can "take it or leave it alone."

Nineteen years ago I married the same kind. I'm still waiting for him to "leave it alone." We have a large family so divorce is out of the question.

I'm fed up with going around in shabby clothes and not being able to give my kids more than the bare necessities. I'm sick to death of looking at and listening to the senseless prattle of a drunk. We have no money, no friends, no companionship and no happiness in our

home. Think it over, Amy. I didn't. (Good night, Ann. I think I can sleep now.— Pearl H.)

Dear Ann: You're my last hope. I'm up against it. My wife is filing for divorce after 10 years. We have two kids.

It began two years ago when she started to make the bars in town with her divorced sister. They never asked me to go along and once when I followed I made a perfect fool of myself.

She has no regard for the kids or for me and is a wash-out as a home-maker. Her only interest is personal pleasure and I've been shut out of her life completely, except for financial support.

I must have failed somewhere but I've honestly tried to make a go of it. She refuses to see a marriage counselor or a clergyman. She wants a divorce—period. I'd do anything to keep my home together, but her last words were, "Don't forget your hat." Please advise me.—A.W.K.

By all means take your hat . . . it may cover up the holes in your head. But don't go to the divorce court. If this barfly refuses to be a wife and mother let her headquarter elsewhere and let the children with you.

Since your prime function seems to be that of a cash-register tell her the gray-train has come to the end of the line and she'd better get a job. Any man who would walk out of his home and turn his kids over to a woman like this is a fool. Stay put and hope the separation will bring her back to her senses.

Confidentially: So Desperate: See your lawyer about separate maintenance. This is a mockery, not a marriage.

Hurt Mother: She knows how you feel . . . say nothing more. You've lost control and that's that.

(Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper. Copyright, 1956, Field Enterprises, Inc. Distributed by Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate)

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

She had been a bad little girl so her mother sent her to bed before her favorite television shows started. "Now I want you to ask God to make you a good little girl tomorrow," admonished her mother. "Why?" asked the innocent youngster, "what's on TV tomorrow?"

This is what happens when the government taxes us in order to balance its budget—we have to budget our balance . . . Today's working man never had it better and if you don't think so, just look at the fattest wallet he ever did have. It's filled with credit cards.

So who needs safety belts? Our autos are keeping us well strapped.

If you've never seen a high government official, just catch them as they leave a cocktail party . . . A smart-alec G.I. watched an old mule trainer leading his monkey past the army camp. "How come you have your son tied up dad?" quipped the soldier. "So he won't join the army!" snapped the old man.

Labor trouble . . . Many of the men are leaving this town because there just isn't any place where a woman can find employment . . . An English soldier just returned from the Egyptian battlefield was asked how things went. "Oh, not too badly, really," replied the Englishman, "but goodness gracious, the noise and the people!" Friend of mine just moved the top half of a two-story

dwelling into the San Fernando Valley. Now, he lives upstairs over a vacant lot. The tune "16 Tons" is sweeping Europe under the new title, "And Her Name Is Mary Ann."

I've always known that people in a small town know everything that's going on. But I just learned why they buy the local newspaper. They want to see who's been caught at it.

Young bridegroom-to-be has invited only married people to his wedding. That way he figures to make a clear profit . . . Movie-struck teenage girl received a new electric fan via parcel post and sighed: "So this is how it feels to get fan mail."

Friend of mine, whose wife was away on a family trip, walked over to his fireplace, picked up an implement and sighed: "This reminds me of my loving wife." He was holding a bent poker . . . Rock'n'roll has backed into the race track business. There's a horse named Mister Jive. His sire is Mr. Music and his grandsire was Balladier . . . Al Terrence relates about the Russian who was sitting in his living room be-moaning his fate when there came a knock on the door. Trembling and perspiring, the Russian croaked: "Who's there?" "It's death," came the answer. "Thank God," gasped the Russian, "I thought it was the Soviet secret police."

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Here's a Verse,
That ain't so funny:
Too much month,
At the end of the money.

The Fish and Game Commission passes along this little gem of an essay on geese by the way of its November "Outdoor California" magazine.

Title of the essay, contributed by a youthful naturalist, is "An This Is What a Geese Is."

"Geese is a low, heavy set bird which is mostly meat and feathers. His head sits on one side and he sits on the other. Geese can't sing much on account of dampness of the moisture. He ain't got no between-the-toes and he's got a little balloon in his stummock to keep from sinking.

"Some geese when they get big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't haft to sit and latch but just eat and loaf and go swimming. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander."

While we are on the game commission kick, we might just as well pass along the findings of the Mississippi Game and Fish magazine.

"Three fourths of the earth's surface is water and one fourth land. It's clear the good Lord intended a man should spend three times as much time fishing as he does plowing."

And here's a few anonymous quotes to round out your day:

An explorer says an Eskimo woman is old at 40. An American woman is not so old at 40. In fact, she's not even 40 . . . Keeping up with the Joneses isn't nearly as dangerous as trying to pass them on a hill . . . A man who never makes a mistake often will be found taking orders from one who occasionally does . . . A woman's way of meeting expense is to introduce them to her husband.

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHIE

What year is it?

That sounds like a silly question, but the car advertisement which proclaims that it's 1960 already is closer than the men who wrote it know. The only trouble with this advertisement is that it's behind the times and not ahead.

The fact is that if our calendar had been figured correctly, this should be the year 1963.

That's right, 1963. In other words, today should be Nov. 29, 1963, instead of 1956, as all our calendars tell us.

Why?
Somebody goofed, that's why.

According to the best evidence available, Christ, by whose birth we number our years, was born in 7 B.C. In other words, Christ was born seven years before Christ. That's according to evidence collected by Werner Keller in his book, "The Bible as History."

Astronomers and historians agree, Keller says, that an extremely bright light, like the reported Star of Bethlehem, was plainly visible in 7 B.C., when the planets, Saturn and Jupiter came into conjunction. Authorities can find no other reported bright light, like the Star of Bethlehem, about this time.

Lending support to this theory is the fact that the famed King Herod, who attempted to do away with the Baby Jesus, died in 4 B.C. This is a good indication that Jesus must have been born before 4 B.C.

The confusion arose from the fact that some of the medieval calendar makers goofed. One Dionysius Exiguus, who was figuring out the calendar in the fifth century, made two mistakes. He forgot to include four years

AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

The nationalist uprising in Hungary against Communism, even though temporarily crushed by the onslaught of 10 Soviet divisions, has shaken the Communist world to the very roots of its existence from Moscow to Peiping. The heroic Hungarian revolt had a four-pronged lesson for all the world to see . . . for it exposed the major falsehoods of Communist Russia in despicable relief in one clean sweep.

The tragedy of it all is that such incredible human sacrifice has to be made to prove such an obvious truth. Civilization has been plagued for centuries with the necessity of similar sacrifices to dramatize the obvious guilt of the barbarian and the godless.

The necessity for such bloody drama to arouse the decent world to act is a disgrace, if not an indictment to all who could have prevented it. The atheist barbarian could have been stopped in Korea . . . just as he could have been stopped at the Rhine. He's not yet too late to end this Communist scourge from the face of the earth.

We were being told by Communists and by uniformed non-Communists that in Russia and the Iron Curtain religion was dead and that only the old people continued to practice their faith. Even some U.S. religious spokesmen, returning from a few days in Russia and the Iron Curtain, stated that only the old were observed worshipping in church. We were told that Communist brainwashing of the youth was bringing religion to an end.

This reporter time and time again refuted such statements in these columns, in his national lectures and on his radio and TV appearances. But it took the heroic Hungarian youth, lying broken under the treads of the Soviet tanks in the rubble of Budapest, clutching the Christian flag in the death grip of sacrifice, to expose the lie of the propagandists and the uninformed. For the rebellion in Hungary, the

first of its kind behind the Iron Curtain, was organized and spearheaded, not by the old people, but by the youth. Every photograph, every newsreel of the tragedy in Hungary shows the youth . . . Catholic, Protestant, Jew . . . at the front line of revolt, on top of tanks and rooftops, sacrificing their lives for their God and country. This was a rebellion of youth . . . the supposedly Communist brain-washed youth . . . who died to bring this lesson of faith to the whole civilized world.

The major revolts in Poland and Hungary, and on a minor scale in other satellite countries, was a lesson that Russian Communism is dying. This means that in the satellite countries nationalism is challenging the Soviet puppet regimes and that's the first step toward freedom. For if the Russian armies are removed from the satellite frontiers and the puppet governments fall, free elections will undoubtedly defeat every trace of Communism, Soviet or local, in time. The revolt in Hungary was against any kind of Communism . . . whereas the revolt in Poland was only against Russian Communism and control.

Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin, on their various "good-will" tours from East Europe to Delhi, repeated the falsehood of "Soviet friendly cooperation with independent states and no Soviet imposition on the independence and sovereignty of any people." This was the official promise to Tito and the basis of his return to friendlier relations with Moscow. Last week both Tito and Nehru denounced the Soviet attack on Hungary as a violation of Soviet guarantees recently made.

Soviet contempt for the UN was in strong evidence in Korea, when Russia violated the UN charter by assisting the Korean and Chinese Communists, after the United Nations overwhelmingly resolved that Red Korea and China were the aggressors, and called upon UN members to defend the Republic of Korea.

Russia continued to openly assist the Communist invasion with guns and personnel. This violation called for ousting Russia from the family of nations. The UN failed in its solemn obligation, and continued to meet with the Russians throughout the Korean war . . . with the very people who had conspired to start it and who continued to kill UN troops.

Russia has now been called upon by the UN to withdraw its troops from Hungary, and refused, while Russia insists through the same UN that Britain, France and Israel withdraw from Egypt. Britain, France and Israel have ceased fire and the UN police force is already in Egypt to arrange the terms of withdrawal. Russia thus far refuses to permit a similar agreement in regard to Hungary.

Russia, in asking for compensation for Egypt for the loss of life and property as the result of the British, French and Israel attack, has left herself wide open for an equal demand by the Hungarians for compensation for the losses inflicted by the Russians.

At any rate, the lessons of Hungary could well prove once and for all the pattern of Russian duplicity and deceit for the entire Communist and non-Communist world. They could also mark the beginning of the end of the Russian-Communist empire in both Europe and Asia.

Although figuring out a calendar seems relatively simple at first glance, it can be pretty complicated. The earth refuses to cooperate by spinning around the sun in an even number of days. Even with leap year, every year is 11 minutes and 14 seconds too long. This creates an extra day every 128 years.

In the English-speaking world, the days from Sept. 5 to 14, 1752, never existed. No one was born, married, or died on these days, because they were voted out of the calendar by law.

This drastic step of literally killing time was taken to correct some of the mistakes in the old calendar. Even Parliament, however, found it impossible to fool around with the mistakes in the years. It would make a confusing situation even worse. Our calendars still remain wrong.

Next New Year's Day, to be strictly accurate, you should shout, "Happy New Year, Little 1964."

Chances are, however, that we'll still be whooping it up with the greeting "Happy New Year, Little 1957."

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